

Astral Intruding Voices
Filling My Living Room

(poems)

(part 1)

-by B. Edwards

2018

1.

The voices
speak to me
they try and
speak to me
they often succeed
and speak to me
they speak to me
from across the room
from within the room
from within
the astral reflection
of the room
the voices speak
maybe they use machines
from another dimension
yet.....maybe not
certainty.....
is a rare commodity here
but right now
I am certain of one thing
they are speaking in this room
I can hear them most assuredly
filling the room
energy vampires
and I don't even think
that there's a full moon
but I have no doubt
that they're in the room
trying to fill my night
with spoken riddles
now riddles permeate the air
riddles from etheric lairs
permeating and propagandizing
bouncing off the walls
spoken signals
triangulated.....
at the point of hearing

10/2018

2.

Today
the voices told me
about a conspiracy
in space
and yesterday
they were telling me
about painting
picket fences
and tomorrow
asteroids
may be inbound
We'll just have to see
these voices
have been known
to lie before
but that doesn't mean
they really can't
speed and shift....and speed
and shift through outer space
and obviously
I've heard the one about
about how I opened a portal
EVP wasn't a good idea
they never fail
to let me know it
to remind me of it
and I guess at least
on this matter
we can agree

10/2018

3.

Sitting
here at work
waiting for
the end of the day

the work day

then I'll go home

and the voices
will have their day

they're here right now
just waiting
waiting alongside me
just waiting for
the day to end

the work day

they are sharpening
their invisible
punji sticks

gathering up
their ammunition

all the old
voices and lies

but right now
it ain't so bad

just sitting here
at work
it's raining outside
no customers

10/2018

I think I might be
experiencing
audio spillover
from some close-by astral plane

I hear the talking
I hear the accusing
I hear the condemnations

rogue voices
spewing fears

all of this
got out of control
that winter I recorded

the voices escaped
the voices appeared

outside my window
at first
then speaking
into my ears

what is this all about?
even the clues
are shot with arrows

the voices
line up in a field
then march towards me
with fixed bayonets
of audio deceit

they've got something
to tell me
but it isn't truth

the battle lines are drawn
in entrenchments
of decibels

10/2018

It's ten at night
and this is when
the voices rise
I don't know why
maybe it's a witching hour
of sorts
I don't know why
but the voices
get stronger at ten
fragmenting
cluster bomblets
of demon words
across the room
malevolent astral voices
let loose
audio napalm scorching
the remnants of silence
I know this doesn't sound
like a rosy parade
no.....not tonight
expectations here
can get weighed down
with cannonballs
and it all went crazy
after the EVP
the EVP
the EVP
the recording I did
I discovered
the voices are real
some dangerous
some now attached
some never silent

10/2018

6.

The hour
is under assault
pillaged again

all my silence
captured
and
left
to freeze
behind stockades

when will the world
listen

voices demons
are breaking through

maybe more and more
maybe it's all the spirit boxes
transmitting schematics
of our minds

there is a big
wooden horse
at the gate

some poor
curious soul
will bring it on in

10/2018

7.

Someone
on the internet
said that
something
was true

I don't know
about you
but that settles it
for me then

go back
to where
you don't exist voices

go back
go back
go back
go back

to where
to where
to where
to where

you don't exist

exist
exist
exist

voices
voices
voices

someone on the internet
said you didn't exist

so it must be true

true
true

true

I feel compelled
to inform you
voices

that you don't exist

so please stop existing

it's on the internet

someone put it there

please be advised

10/2018

The battlefields
within my mind
the astral planes
within my mind
open to my mind
or vice versa
nomenclatures trip me up

voices
running through my mind
in and out of my mind

voices
from astral planes
descended

this ain't no gift
it's audio auto-de-fa

I tried
to convince myself
it wasn't real

but just always got
tripped up

voices hitting me
sensations hitting me

in darkness
in light

they go about
in either one

cloaked
shrouded
invisible

voices of despots
and despots of voices

tonight
dark clouds
obscure the stars

it makes no difference
the voices are here
audio blaring

psychic
shockwaves of sounds

gladiator arenas
of voices

all of the
electronic metallic sounds

fissures
oppression disclosures
you got singled out
or did you unplug

the truth
is a concept
inside of a sarcophagus
in a dark
damp
catacomb

10/2018

9.

weary
mind hazed
obscured
half asleep
voices speak
from invisible places
I can perceive them there

they're
not
quite
saying
just
good morning

time for
another day
to begin
under the spoken boot

10/2018

10.

The bog of it all
keeps falling
on my head
the sense of it
a bog
hazy
obscurred

confusion
unknowing
despair
despair

who was there
two thousand years ago

with this
I violate
my own mind

I'm looking for peace
a calm sea

not all these
tar pits of philosophy
I brought them forth
from out of the shadows

the history books say
they were already there

maybe.....
maybe not.....
but now they're everywhere

now just watching the clock
the mind must subside
eventually

10/2018

11.

Mid-afternoon
quick break
from work
voices being jerks
.....perhaps?
or some other kind
of life form
that needs my attention
ceaselessly

is it all a ploy?
is it a trap?

if I reply
will they go back
or stay?

mid-afternoon
voices
like subtle
out of tune
violins

10/2018

Back in the beginning
they were there
deep down there
in the recordings
deep down there
in the faintness
of the recordings
luring me in
to listen
I was so naive
I listened
I listened
deep down there
in the recordings
I listened
deep down there
to the voices speaking
"Help us"
they would say
"Pray for us"
they would say
and then the voices
came out of the recordings
all night.....all day
at that point
they didn't ask
for my help or prayers anymore
they banged on my doors
my walls
they shredded the silence
with voices
unbound.....unleashed
from out of the recordings
where I once
heard them so faintly

10/2018